

THAW MILLIONS WILL BE FREELY SPENT TO SAVE SLAYER FROM THE DEATH CHAIR

EVELYN NESBIT'S EVOLUTION FROM SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL TO POPULAR THEATRICAL FAVORITE.

BY STAFF ARTIST MORTIMER.



have heard what they said, even had he tried. During the latter part of the interview Thaw's brother, Josiah, also withdrew a few paces to afford the pair some privacy. All about the screened-in tier a face was glued to each cell door. The other inmates of "Murderers' Row" were craning their necks and straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the free show.

When Mrs. Thaw's slight figure came into sight at the end of the corridor Thaw was standing just outside his cell.

"Harry! Oh, Harry!" she cried as she saw him in the half-light and ran toward him. He sprang to meet her.

When the first embraces were over Harry Thaw turned and greeted his brother. Josiah Thaw wept, but Harry shed no tears.

Before she went away Mrs. Thaw said to her husband, aloud:

"Don't worry, Harry, everything will be all right. We're all going to stand by you. I'll come again soon—tomorrow, perhaps."

She promised to see that some fresh linen was sent to him at once. His collar was wilted and dirty, his shirt soiled and his hair rumpled.

At the last, when the Warden told them time was up, the husband and wife kissed and hugged repeatedly. Twice Thaw called her back for a final kiss.

Soon after Mrs. Thaw and Josiah Thaw left the Tombs, with a crowd still tagging along behind, a second electric cab arrived. It contained Mrs. George Carnegie, a cousin of Thaw's. She was allowed to see him for fifteen minutes.

Before her visit to the Tombs the beautiful young wife had been to ex-Judge Olcott's office. Her husband's brother, Josiah C. Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who reached town last night, was her only companion when she left the Hotel Lorraine in Fifth avenue and climbed into an electric cab that had been standing at the curb for nearly an hour.

In his rooms at No. 170 Broadway the lawyer was waiting for them. Trained by reporters and photographers the man and woman rode up in the elevator. They stayed in Judge Olcott's office fifteen minutes.

When he ushered them out into the hallway a reporter for The Evening World interviewed Mrs. Thaw. He asked her if she would see her husband to-day.

Anxious to See "Poor Harry."

"Indeed, I will, she replied. "I am on my way to the prison now to visit poor Harry. But we will stop a little while at Mr. Deland's office on private business. I am very anxious to see Harry."

"Is it true that White wrote you letters within the last two weeks which excited your husband?"

"I cannot say."

"Is it true that your husband had been carrying a revolver and threatening White's life for two weeks or longer?"

"I must decline to talk."

Here Josiah Thaw took a hand. "Pay no attention to any questions," he said sharply to Mrs. Thaw. "You know the lawyers told you not to talk."

Thaw, a youngish, nervous-looking man, wore a loud-colored, loose-fitting suit of English tweed. His face twitched with suppressed excitement almost constantly.

Looks Tired and Worn.

Three years ago Evelyn Nesbit was one of the most beautiful women in New York. She will have the slender, almost perfect figure which made her famous as an artist's model, but her face at twenty is the face of a tired, faded woman. Today there are big black hollows under her eyes. Her cheeks, once plump and pink as ripe peaches, had grown sunken and drawn. Lack of sleep and suffering during the last few hours had etched the lines about her mouth. As she spoke to the lawyers she looked as if she were a young girl who had been through a long and hard day.

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The Mysterious Letters.

After her departure Judge Olcott was asked regarding the existence of the letters which White is alleged to have written Mrs. Thaw within the last fortnight.

He made this significant reply:

"I am informed that such letters



Here's the way some of the "Auto-mobile" Ads. start that are printed from day to day in The World's Want Directory:

"Automobiles Sacrificed—\$175 to \$2,500."
"Auto Cars—Your Price."
"Automobiles Wanted."
"Special Sale of Automobiles."
"Special Price Offers."
"Automobile Supplies."
"Automobile Bargains."

For Enticing Details See

Evening World Wants to-Do

MURDERED MAN AIDED WHOLE NESBIT FAMILY

Lawyer Asserts that He Bought Furniture for the Mother's New York Home and Educated Evelyn's Brother.

A lawyer who was for years closely associated in business and club life with Stanford White to-day made this statement to a reporter for The Evening World:

"I see the papers print a telegram from Pittsburgh in which Mrs. Harry Thaw's mother says that she did not know Stanford White. That is the only bit of humor that has come to light in this tragedy. I know it to be a positive fact that White paid for the furniture which went into one of the houses that Evelyn Nesbit's mother opened when she came to this city. White paid for the education not only of Evelyn, but of her younger brother. As late as two years ago this brother, then fourteen years old, was in a college over in New Jersey, and White was footing the bills."

Thaw's Vagaries.

James Sullivan, a well-known dialect comedian, who has recently returned to New York from Europe, is one of Thaw's acquaintances who think the young millionaire's mind has been unsettled from excesses and dissipation for a long while. To a reporter Sullivan said:

"There isn't any doubt about Thaw being crazy at times. Some time ago when he was in London a bellboy in his hotel—the Cecil, I think it was—did something to anger him. Thaw dragged the boy into a room, stripped him naked, tied him to a bedpost and lashed him unmercifully with a dog whip. The boy's parents are still living on the money that Thaw paid over to settle the matter."

Employees of Jack's, on Sixth avenue,

are talking to-day of an escapade of Thaw which occurred in that resort some three years ago. When he started to leave the place late one night he found the glass doors locked. With his feet and hands, he broke one of the glass panels to pieces and walked out through the opening, bleeding from a dozen small wounds in his hands and face. It is said that Thaw was not drunk at the time.

Experts Retained, Too.

It is partly upon such incidents as these that the defense counts for showing that Thaw has been for years a parrot and is now a dangerous lunatic, but with any amount of money at their disposal the lawyers retained for Thaw are not neglecting the expert testimony of the sane. To-day the noted alienist, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, was retained by the defense to examine the murderer carefully.

Former Judge William M. K. Olcott, now at the head of the defense, will take the leading part in the preliminary proceedings, as his partner, former Gov. Black, is at his summer home in Maine and expects to remain there until fall.

It is alleged that White did not confine his so-called artistic gatherings to the cold hotel district bordering Broadway, but that he more than once invaded his country home with his Bohemian friends. From St. James, L. I., where the statement that more than once Mrs. White was driven to spiritual protests by the presence under her roof of parties of chorus girls and first-nighters brought from New York as her husband's guests. There are also reports of White's guile in the big house over the protests of the mistress and her family.

Thaw, a warier, relieved the brother of a knife and a few other contraband articles. Then Warden Flynn escorted them upstairs to where Thaw was waiting in the netted-in tier in front of his cell.

Handcuffed Again.

If Thaw thought he had got away from the ignominy of being ironed when he landed in the Tombs he was wrong. Thaw on his trip to and from the Criminal Courts building he was handcuffed, his wrists being fastened together in front of him with a light pair of steel bracelets. He protested, as he had yesterday, but the detective who escorted him stood fast. He seemed fearful that his wife would see him with his hands chained. As it happened the eyes were taken off just as Mrs. Thaw appeared.

White's friends assert they can go even further and establish that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw had recently told many of her friends that her husband was a "crazy head" and that, far from loving him, she was tired of him and disgusted with his drinking habits and his insane jealousy.

Thaw slept peacefully through most of his first night in "Murderers' Row." He turned in on his narrow bunk about 11 last night, wearing his underclothing as his valet or his friends had forgotten to bring him pajamas. Once toward daylight he got up and went to the barred door of his cell and asked the man on guard in the corridor the hour. When he was told it was 11:15, he went back to bed again and was quiet until half-past 6 o'clock this morning.

"Well, I feel fine," were his first words to the turnkey. "I'm in better shape than I was this yesterday."

He went downstairs to the Tombs' canteen for a cup of coffee, two rolls and a black cigar. He had a foot lacerated by the coffee and after one of the rolls he lit the cigar and smoked it to a short stub with evident relish.

Not on Good Terms.

From evidence obtained at the Hotel Lorraine, it is said that Thaw and his wife were not on the best of terms since their recent arrival here from Pittsburgh. Thaw went out a great deal alone and his wife spent her evenings among old associates in the Broadway restaurants. That she had turned her back on her old stage associates was laughed at in theatrical circles, as she has been a persistent visitor behind the scenes at the various theatres since her arrival in the city.

A published statement that Thaw first learned of the relations between White and Miss Nesbit while with his wife at the Hotel Ritz in Paris last spring is contradicted by the known facts of his conduct from the time he first took up with the girl.

Stanford White was the girl's constant companion when Thaw first met her. The girl was living at the time with her mother in an apartment in the Flagg, in the Thirty-eighth street near Seventh avenue. Thaw met the mother first, and was by her introduced to the daughter, with whom he fell in love. He finally weaned her away from White. That he anticipated White's anger, he proved by the efforts he took to avert it. He had arranged to call for Miss Nesbit at the Madison Square Theatre, where she was appearing. He knew White would

be there, too, and John Heitman, the private watchman of the Grand Hotel, was called into service.

Heitman was instructed to hire a cab, and follow White and keep close track of his movements. After the performance, Miss Nesbit met Thaw at the stage door and entered his cab and several friends left the theatre later.

On learning that Miss Nesbit had driven away, White left in his automobile. Heitman then went to Receptor's and stood guard outside in anticipation of White's arrival, but he did not come.

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six years; Manager Ward, of the Hotel Lorraine, and several employees of the Lorraine.

Thaw's lawyers held a conference with him late to-day in the prison to arrange financial matters. It was said he would give a power of attorney to one of the lawyers in order that money might be raised at once. No retaining fees have yet been paid to the firms and individual attorneys taking part in the defense.

Coroner Dooley said the inquest into White's death would begin promptly at 9:30 o'clock to-morrow morning. It would be conducted, he added, exactly as any inquest in a homicide case is held. There will be several witnesses.

Should Mrs. Thaw, to save her husband's life, go on the witness-stand and tell the story of her life, her relations with White and her life with Thaw, and the motives as she saw them that prompted Thaw to his deed of murderous revenge, the sensational interest of the case will dissipate anything in New York's criminal annals.

After all the shame and disgrace that Harry Thaw's career has brought upon his family, a public trial, involving a complete exposure of the relations of Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit, whom the Thaws tried to force on Pittsburgh society, would be a crowning ignominy that the Thaw millions will be lavishly employed to avert.

Woman Is Not Implicated.

Mrs. Thaw, after a lengthy consultation with her husband's attorneys, made a statement to Acting District Attorney Nott, which caused that official to declare that there was not the slightest evidence to connect her with the killing.

Mutual friends of Thaw and his wife are somewhat surprised that the police have taken no interest in the woman as a possible accessory to the crime through her alleged constant goading of her husband to avenge the wrong she persistently claimed White had done her.

Friends of White claim that though the architect was not the cause of the girl's downfall, she for some reason, herp on him continually in that role in the presence of her husband and their friends. It is claimed that she referred on all occasions with brutal frankness to her relations with White with many of Thaw's friends were disgusted by her conduct. Every time Thaw and his wife happened to run across White in public she would take some means of indicating White's usual standing of these scenes would be her petulant exclamation:

"What are you going to do to that man, you ruined your wife?"

The attempts to besmear the dead with White's millions started by Thaw's friends, who were disgusted by her conduct. Every time Thaw and his wife happened to run across White in public she would take some means of indicating White's usual standing of these scenes would be her petulant exclamation:

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paying his account with checks signed in that name.

Quarrelled at Hotel.

Heitman says Thaw and Miss Nesbit had a bitter quarrel while they were at the hotel, and she went away, but returned after Thaw had influenced her mother to intercede for him.

One of the principal witnesses for Thaw in addition to an array of insanity experts will be Jean Boiko, a waiter at the Cafe Martin, who told Capt. Hodgkins, of the Tenderloin station, to-day, that Thaw became a raving maniac in London several years ago. Boiko, who was head-waiter at the Hotel Carlton at the time, says Thaw, who was a guest at the hotel, became so violent that several men were necessary to restrain him and that he was confined for some time afterward in an asylum in the outskirts of the city.

Meanwhile friends of Stanford White were rallying to defend his memory from the imputation set up by the other side that he was responsible for the ruin of Evelyn Nesbit. Such men as T. C. Clark, the art dealer; Cooper Hewitt, the inventor, and Abe Hummel, the lawyer, were outspoken in their defense of the name of the victim of Harry Thaw's revolver.

In support of the claim that White did not bring about Evelyn Nesbit's downfall, it is now pointed out that Evelyn Nesbit was named as a co-spendent in a divorce suit against George Lederer, the theatrical man, long before Stanford White interested himself in her. It is also being freely asserted that the White family, in its possession a statement signed and sworn to by Evelyn Nesbit in which she declared that she had never had improper relations with White. This document will probably be produced if it is needed.

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